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Daily Sentinel.

W. R. NELSON, S. E. MORRIS,
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THE "SENTINEL"

Has the Largest Bona Fide Circulation of Any Daily Paper in the State, outside of Indianapolis, and larger than all the other English Dailies in the city combined. Advertisers and Others are Invited to Call at this Office and Verify this Assertion.

THE "SENTINEL" TO-DAY.

The SENTINEL to-day consists of six pages. The supplement contains fourteen columns of choice reading matter, including the opening installment of "Wm. Black's" great novel, "Madcap Violet," a beautiful poem "The Last Rose of Summer," and a large amount of interesting miscellany, including a review of the NEWMAN Fallacy, musical and dramatic notes, etc.

Every subscriber to and purchaser of the SENTINEL is entitled to the supplement without extra charge.

If a protective tariff is such a good thing for workingmen, the laborers of Turkey ought to be the best paid of any in the world, for Turkey has the highest tariff known.

The SENTINEL advocates free trade in the interest of the American laborer. If there is a single man, woman or child within the territory where this paper circulates who is benefited by protection, we do not know it. If there is a single industry in our city that profits by the protective policy of our government, we should be glad to learn what it is.

The comparative prosperity which the American laborer enjoys in spite of and not because of the infamous tariff. Remove that burden from his shoulders—stop the tribute which he is compelled to pay on almost every article he uses, from the cradle to the grave, for the benefit of capitalists and monopolists—and he will be as much happier and more independent than he now is, as he is now than the "pauper laborers" of Europe, of whom the protectionists love to talk.

We shall be glad to have the laborers and mechanics of this city use the columns of the SENTINEL for the purpose of discussing their political, social and business interests. We have no desire to thrust our views upon them. We endeavor to study their interests, and shall at all times advocate such measures and policies as we understand best protect them. Capital can take care of itself, as it always has done. We intend that the SENTINEL shall be the organ of the workingmen, and shall be pleased to know their views to be properly guided in advocating their interests. We ask their counsel and advice, and hope they will use our columns for this purpose.

ANY man or newspaper that tries to hoodwink the American mechanic by threatening him with competition from the cheap labor of Europe unless he acts with capitalists and monopolists in continuing the outrageous protection policy of our government, underestimates his intelligence. The American workman understands that his protection is in the cheapness of our lands, the fertility of our soil and the advantages of our climate. That which regulates the price of labor in this country is what labor can earn in those industries that naturally flourish here. Our most flourishing industry naturally is agriculture, there being more than four times the number of persons employed in farming than in all the protected industries combined, and when we increase the earnings of the farmer, all other labor advances with it. The time is past when the money grabbers of this country can frighten the intelligent American laborer with such ridiculous threats.

UNDER the GRUBBS libel law, as interpreted by our worthy mayor, Col. ZOLLINGER, the editors of the SENTINEL could be fined from \$100 to \$500 daily for the contents of this paper. The culprits who appear at police court daily are "held up to ridicule" in these columns; and every one of them might have the editors arrested and fined \$10 and costs, or more, according to the temper of the judge. We have no doubt that Col. ZOLLINGER

has decided the HUMANITARIAN course, as he believed, in accordance with the law, and that he regretted to be compelled to assess a fine upon a man for calling attention to the misconduct of a police officer. But according to this precedent, the press of the state is virtually at the mercy of every thief, pimp, blackleg, prostitute, every corrupt officer; in fact of every one of the vile creatures who prey upon society. Such a law is a relic of barbarism, and would hardly be tolerated in semi-civilized countries. It is a blot upon the legislation of Indiana. It will, however, we feel quite sure, bring its own remedy, for any law which thus curbs the independence and freedom of the press will soon provoke an outraged public sentiment which will demand and compel its repeal.

VANDERBILT was before the legislative railroad committee at Albany yesterday and gave some interesting opinions. He said bluntly that he did not propose to carry freight at unprofitable rates because others did so, and that he did not believe rates could be regulated by legislation. He did not think the west had too many railroads. There might be too many running west, but not too many from the west. He said the New York Central had rolling stock to spare for its ordinary business, but that the rush of business comes all at once at one period of the year, and no railroad could afford to have equipments to accommodate the traffic in the busy season. He had seen three times as much freight offered as could be carried, and at the same time rates would be very low. During the past four years he had spent \$6,000,000 in New York for facilities, and is now expending large sums, but he receives no benefit from these expenditures. He thought railroads were entitled to protection by law, and that if the government should interfere with a shoemaker or any other merchant in the conduct of his business, the man interfered with would probably sell out and close up shop. Mr. VANDERBILT makes out a very plausible story, but if he had explained that the railroads of the country are trying to pay dividends on stock representing three or four times the value of their property, and that they undertake to do this at the expense of their employees and the public generally, he would have come much closer to the truth than he did.

The New York greenbackers had a stormy time in their convention at Utica. The ticket nominated is as follows: Governor, HARRIS LEWIS; lieutenant governor, JOHN M. WIELAND; secretary of state, P. H. McCANN; comptroller, JOHN SHANNON; treasurer, JULIAN WINNIE; attorney general, GEORGE NIGHT. The platform demands the withdrawal of the national bank currency, and that all money, whether gold, silver or paper, be issued by the government and be full legal tender for all debts public and private; that the volume of currency be fixed at \$50 per capita or sufficient to meet the requirements of trade; that the currency shall be increased in direct ratio with the increase in business and population, so as to maintain as nearly as possible uniform purchasing power; that this money be issued to cancel our interest bearing debt, make needed public improvements and pay current expenses; that the surplus fund now in the treasury be applied in payment of our interest bearing debt; that the government should call in at once all its bonds, and never issue anymore; in favor of postal savings banks; in favor of the reduction of salaries of public officers and the abolition of unnecessary offices; in favor of proper legislation for the collection of reliable statistics on the labor question; for the establishment by law of railroad freight and passenger rates; in favor of a law giving to mortgagors of real estate five years for redemption; declares against land monopolies, convict labor and political assessments of office holders; calls for a reduction in the legal rates of interest; declares that debts due for labor performed shall take precedence of all other claims; favors giving to each union soldier 160 acres of land; favors the holding of lands for actual settlers, and denounces land grants to corporations; and approves a tariff "for the protection of American industry."

NEWS NOTES.

Secretary Sherman has returned to Washington.

Jay Gould has returned from Europe. He is accompanied by his brother, Osborn.

At a recent sale of lots at Jersey City for unpaid taxes, all but twenty of 6,500 pieces of land had to be bought in by the city.

The grain trade of the New York produce exchange has amended the scales to make them conform to the central system, which will go into operation January 1st.

Gold received at the assay office at New York from London shipment since the 12th of August has been \$4,000,000. The manifests already received will amount to as much more.

In several suits in the United States circuit court, Judge Blatchford granted orders restraining several large New York houses from selling any and all descriptions of arrow cotton ties.

A general raid upon sidewalk and street incumbrances has begun in New York, and there is a great deal of indignation among the keepers of those stands. At Washington market they urge that the stands are their sole source of livelihood, and that they do not encumber the sidewalks half so much as the boxes, sales and crates of merchants in various streets.

Henry Tallent, a well known wine merchant of Chicago, lost his speech twelve years ago. Some months later it returned; six years ago it again suddenly left him, the original cause being fright. Again it returned, and six months since he had an accidental fall. He has not spoken until yesterday, when he felt a loosening sensation in the throat and found himself again able to articulate.

Col. Samuel Ward, father of Genevieve Ward, the actress, died near Milwaukee Thursday evening. He married Miss Lee, daughter of Gideon Lee, who was once mayor of New York. He was engaged in the leather business for some years, and amassed a large fortune. He lost over \$250,000 by speculation in 1858. He made up that loss afterward, but was again unfortunate. News of his death was cabled to Miss Ward, who is playing at London.

The centennial of the battle of Newton was celebrated at Elmira Friday. There were on the hill where the battle was fought at least 20,000 persons. In the procession to the grounds were Gen. Sherman, the governors of New York, Pennsylvania and Vermont, and several generals and colonels of the United States army. The monument was unveiled with Masonic solemnity. Auburn Towner then read a poem, and was followed by addresses by Ellis H. Roberts, of the Utica Herald, and Gen. Sherman.

Summit Branch and Shamokin Coal Companies have agreed to a reduction for September similar to those adopted by the Schuylkill operators. The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company says that after September 1st, at the option of the shippers, freight and tolls upon anthracite coal by canal from Schuylkill Haven to New York harbor, to points on the Hudson River or points on Long Island Sound, exclusive of the charges of towing from New York City, will be 45 percent of the price at which the coal is held at the time of delivery, for which the rate will be 65 percent.

The internal revenue bureau has prepared a statement showing that the number of gallons of spirits produced during the fiscal year 1879 was 71,892,617 against 76,108,053 gallons in 1878. The number of gallons withdrawn from bond, with tax paid, in 1879, was 57,896,979; in 1878, 6,957,639. The number of gallons withdrawn from bond, for export, in 1879 was 14,837,581, against 5,499,252 in 1878. The number of gallons landed abroad in 1879 was 7,799,071; in 1878 the number was 3,664,616. The number of gallons remaining in bonded warehouses June 30th, 1879, was 19,208,478; on June 30th, 1878, only 14,083,778.

FOREIGN FLASHES.

An elder brother of the pope, not Cardinal Pecci, died Friday, of apoplexy.

A Madrid newspaper recommends Spain to free all the slaves in her dependencies and substitute seven years of service for slavery.

In the fire at Lutsk, which destroyed about 300 houses, sixty lives were lost, including a great number of children.

The liabilities of Fish, Sheppard & Co., Montreal liquor dealers, who lately failed, are \$248,000. The Consolidated Bank is a creditor to the extent of \$188,000. The assets represent \$95,000.

One thousand cotton operatives have struck in Glasgow. One of the largest employers at Stalybridge has agreed temporarily to withdraw the notice of a five percent reduction of wages to cotton operatives. It is hoped that other employers will follow the example.

At a meeting of the associated chambers of commerce of the United Kingdom, at Belfast, on Thursday, resolutions were passed to memorialize the government for the appointment of a parliamentary committee to inquire into the effect of the depreciation of silver upon the commercial interests of Great Britain, and to consider what, if any, legislative action is necessary thereon.

A bag containing important documents and monies was recently sent to the Russian government to Kamienitz, Poland. The next day the post carriage was found overturned, postilion dead and the official in charge of the bag dangerously wounded. A young man has been arrested and some of the stolen papers found upon him. He acknowledges himself to be a nihilist. Other arrests have been made.

The charge d'affaires of Peru says no credit should be given to the intimation that that country is recruiting its forces by the employment of cannibal savages, to be armed with poisoned arrows. He deems it almost idle to contradict the report. The humane manner in which Peru has carried on the war, and her treatment of prisoners made by her, which has been characterized by the Chilean government itself as courteous, delicate and generous, are sufficient evidences that she would not employ any such means of warfare.

Furthermore Peru is not recruiting at all, the government at Lima having issued a circular to the prefects of the various departments that no more troops are needed.

A Washington special says no special negotiations are in progress between that country and the Central American states with regard to the inter-oceanic canal. When the present American minister to Nicaragua, and Costa Rica was appointed, he was instructed to keep the matter in view, and take any advantage which might

turn up to secure concessions. This was merely a continuance of the policy which has been pursued for years. Nicaragua has been ready to grant the right of way for some time, but is disposed to be somewhat extortionate in her demands, and secure the lion's share of advantage to herself. Costa Rica claims to have a voice in the matter also, inasmuch as her territory borders on the south shore of Lake Nicaragua, which body of water will form a part of the proposed canal.

A Capetown dispatch says, notwithstanding Gen. Wolosley's hopeful tone, it is reported on excellent authority that the Swasias have, at the last moment, refused to join in the operations for the capture of Cetewayo. Ohama, King Cetewayo's brother, has refused to return to his own district, declaring that a large Zulu army, waiting to destroy him. Sir Garnet Wolosley that the valley reconnaissance to King Cetewayo's kraal, to the north of Ulundi, has recovered two cannon lost at Sandula. There have been several severe storms and the bridge over the Tugella River is destroyed. The dispatch states that the disturbances in Pondoland are not regarded as very serious. The following dispatch is from Petermaritzburg, dated August 12th: Sir Garnet Wolosley arrived at Ulundi, August 10th, and from there telegraphs: Col. Clarke's column joined me here on the 11th inst. The country is quiet. The enemy of the Zulus has dispersed to their homes. I am in communication with the principal chiefs, who say they will come and submit. King Cetewayo is not very far off, and there is a prospect of an early and peaceable settlement. The health of the troops is excellent.

SPORTING NOTES.

The Smith-Ross race was again postponed on account of the weather. Base ball: Cleveland 3, Cincinnati 9; Boston 11, Troy 1; Syracuse 7, Providence 4.

Five thousand people were in Madison Garden, New York, Thursday night, at the reception of Weston, Rowell, Blower, Brown and other pedestrians.

At Lake Geneva, Wis., Friday, Miss Mamie Minor, daughter of H. S. Minor, a bright-eyed brunette of sixteen, swam from Harvard Park across the lake to Camp Colie, a distance of two miles, in half an hour, winning a wager from her father, the ladies' championship of the United States, and receiving a regular one, occasionally changing from one side to the other and again on the back. Miss Minor has been celebrated around the lake during the summer for her skill, and she is expected to close the season with this grand affair.

A very exciting race took place on Friday, at Bedford Park, Evansville. The conditions were that John Jones, using ten horses, should ride twenty miles, Jones to remount at every half mile, against Bedford's ten horses, Bedford to be allowed two riders, one already mounted and ready for the start as his predecessor came under the string. Bedford's riders weighed 96 and 125 pounds respectively, while Jones's weights was 161 pounds. The race was intensely exciting, the contest being very close until the last half of the nineteenth mile, when Jones's horse fell the track and threw him heavily. He was up in a moment, and after a spurring away, but the time lost gave his opponent an advantage which he could not recover, but came under the string only fifty yards behind in a twenty mile dash. Time, 46 minutes.

The Coney Island Beach track was never so crowded as on Friday, when the cup of the winners of the season, Mollie McCarty, Bramble and Fortuna, were to meet and run for a purse of \$4,000. Disappointment was expressed by the crowd when it was learned that Mollie McCarty was known several days ago, among those interested, to be unfitted to run, indeed even to leave Saratoga. A dispatch from her owners says Mollie is broken down and will never run again. When Bramble and Fortuna appeared on the track they were cheered and a number of deputy marshals and guards. Mr. Sample made a few remarks expressing perfect satisfaction with his intercourse with the prisoners and with their spiritual condition. He then offered up a fervent prayer, in which he was earnestly joined by the condemned men. On being asked if he had anything to say, Elliott declared that he was innocent of the crime for which he was convicted, and had killed Brown in self defense. He did not do the killing on account of the woman. He acknowledged that it was wicked for him to be at such a place, and was ashamed of it. He said he freely forgave everybody, had

MADE HIS PEACE WITH GOD and was willing to die, and shook hands with those around and bade them good bye. As the black cap was being drawn over his head, he said, "Be sure to break our necks, boys, and don't punish us." Steward said he had not intended to speak one word on the scaffold, but would avail himself of the privilege to say a few words. Instead of regretting his present condition, he considered it a pleasing privilege. He was confident.

HE HAD FOUND GRACE and would soon be happy in the better world. He instructed the thief on the cross, who found forgiveness at the last moment of his life. He entertained no malice against any one, and bade all farewell. Jerking the rope with his hand he thanked God for giving him such a speedy means of passing from this life to eternity. At just half-past 2 o'clock p. m. Marshal C. M. Barnes signalled the jailer by a wave of the hand and

THE FATAL TRAP DOOR FELL. Elliott's neck was broken by the fall and he died without a struggle, his pulse ceasing to beat in sixteen minutes. Steward's neck was not broken and his limbs twitched convulsively for five minutes. Pulsation ceased at just one minute. The bodies were cut down after hanging twenty minutes. Steward's remains were taken charge of by his step brother, Arthur C. Stewart, of Atchison, Kansas, and will be interred in the city cemetery. Elliott's body will be buried on the military reservation.

THE EXECUTION took place privately in the United States court yard and was attended only by the officiating minister, court officials, members of the medical fraternity, and the press, and a few invited citizens. Henry Stewart and William Elliott,

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

Suicide of a Big Booby—Singular Abandonment of a Georgia Widow—Cleaning Out the Gambling Houses in St. Louis—Horrible Death of a New York Professional Abortinist.

Brooklyn, Aug. 29.—A man named Armstrong, aged 23, committed suicide last night by blowing out his brains in the presence of his wife and mother. He had been married seven months. His mother chided him for not having written to his father.

Harrisburgh, Pa. Aug. 29.—A true bill was returned by the grand jury against Chas. B. Batter for corrupt solicitation of members of the legislature. A number of members testified that money had been guaranteed them for their votes in favor of the riot bill.

Davenport, Ia., Aug. 29.—The largest and finest barn in Scott county, three miles north of here, was struck by lightning yesterday and burned to the ground. It was owned by E. W. Gilbert, of New York, and valued at \$8,000; insured for \$3,000; loss on contents, \$400.

St. Louis, Aug. 29.—The police authorities have notified all proprietors of gambling houses that if their places are open after Monday next they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the new law, which is very stringent. The gamblers recognize this as meaning business in the fullest sense of the term, and will close their houses Sunday night.

Atlanta, Aug. 29.—Mrs. Brocher Pullian, a handsome widow of the highest respectability, is missing from her home in Elben county. Last Tuesday night four men went to her house. One said he was a revenue officer, knocked the door down and compelled Mrs. Pullian to dress. She was then taken away and has not been seen or heard from since. She left a little daughter.

New York, Aug. 29.—In a dingy back room of a three-story frame house on Thirty-eighth street, surrounded by broken and filthy furniture, lies the body of Thomas Lookup alias Dr. Powers, alias Powers, the notorious abortionist. He died suddenly last night, rolling in wealth which he had accumulated by his nefarious business. He lived like a miser and died like a pauper, with no one to mourn his loss except, perhaps, his associates. He was born in Scotland in 1822, and leaves between \$60,000 and \$100,000 deposited in several banks under another name. The public administrator will probably take possession of it. The house where Lookup died is said to be steeped in crime. There have been two murders in it within five years.

DOUBLE SHUFFLE.

Two Murderers Executed at Fort Smith, Ark.—Both of them Had Found Grace, and Their Spiritual Condition Was Lovely—The Last Scenes—The Culprits and Their Crimes.

Fort Smith, Ark., Aug. 29.—Henri Stuart and Wm. Elliott were hanged today in the court house yard. Henri Stuart was convicted of the murder of Dr. Jones at Caddo, I. T., and Wm. Elliott, alias Colorado Bill, whose real name is Wm. E. Wilder, of the murder of Cunningham, at Muscogee, I. T.

THE GALLONS

upon which they swung has a remarkable history, as previous to these two, twenty-five murderers have swung off from it into eternity. At five minutes past 2 o'clock p. m., Stuart and Elliott ascended the scaffold with firm step and fearless mien. They were attended by their spiritual adviser, Rev. Mr. Sample, and a number of deputy marshals and guards. Mr. Sample made a few remarks expressing perfect satisfaction with his intercourse with the prisoners and with their spiritual condition. He then offered up a fervent prayer, in which he was earnestly joined by the condemned men. On being asked if he had anything to say, Elliott declared that he was innocent of the crime for which he was convicted, and had killed Brown in self defense. He did not do the killing on account of the woman. He acknowledged that it was wicked for him to be at such a place, and was ashamed of it. He said he freely forgave everybody, had

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BEST IS CHEAPEST THOUGH IT MAY COST A LITTLE MORE!

LEWIS' CONDENSED BAKING POWDER

Made from Refined Grape Cream of Tartar.

Recommended by the Brooklyn (N. Y.) and Health and Hygiene Societies in the United States.

We will pay \$1000.00 for any ALUM or other adulteration found in this Powder.

LEWIS' FLAVORING EXTRACTS!

THE BEST AND MOST PURE MADE.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

GEO. T. LEWIS & MENZIES CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

were convicted at the May term of the United States district court, at Fort Smith, for murder in the Indian country. Stewart was about one-sixteenth Choctaw blood and about twenty-nine years old. At the age of nineteen his parents moved to Hartford, Conn., where he attended the medical department at Yale College. At twenty-two he was surgeon on the steamers between New York and the Isthmus and California. Later he traveled largely in South America and Europe. In 1873 he married in Kansas, and shortly returned to the Nation to live.

HIS CRIME

was being an accessory to the murder of Dr. Jones, of Caddo, whom he accused of causing his arrest for introducing liquor in the Nation. Elliott was of fine appearance, but had a commonplace history. Born in Ohio in 1847, he had a limited education, and entered into the union army in 1863. Several months ago he arrived at Muscogee and took up his residence at

THE HOUSE OF A PROSTITUTE.

In February he murdered in cold blood a man named Brown in a drunken carousal at the den of his mistress. Stewart was captured in Missouri and Elliott in the woods asleep near the site of his crime. Elliott said his correct name is Wiley.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever made.

A combination of Hops, Barks, Mandarins, and other pure and most effective ingredients, for the cure of all diseases of the stomach, liver, and bowels, and for the relief of all ailments of the head, and for the cure of all diseases of the blood, and for the relief of all ailments of the skin, and for the cure of all diseases of the lungs, and for the relief of all ailments of the throat, and for the cure of all diseases of the chest, and for the relief of all ailments of the heart, and for the cure of all diseases of the kidneys, and for the relief of all ailments of the bladder, and for the cure of all diseases of the prostate, and for the relief of all ailments of the rectum, and for the cure of all diseases of the anus, and for the relief of all ailments of the vagina, and for the cure of all diseases of the uterus, and for the relief of all ailments of the ovaries, and for the cure of all diseases of the fallopian tubes, and for the relief of all ailments of the cervix, and for 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relief of all

FORT WAYNE SENTINEL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1879--Six Pages.

reading, or by some passing circumstance—and then, when his puzzled interlocutor was trying to comprehend him, he was off to something else, quite unconscious that he had left the other a continent or a century behind him. Sometimes, indeed, he made a wild effort to show that this or that abrupt observation was *a propos* to something—which it never was.

"Do you know," he would say to his patient sister, "I fancy I see something in Fawcett of a sort of political Shelley."

A moment's silence.

"Yes, Jane," his sister would say seriously, "but in what way?"

Another moment's silence.

"Oh, about Fawcett? Well, I was thinking, do you know, that if the House of Commons were to introduce a bill securing universal suffrage, the little terror here would die of despair and disgust. That is the one weak point about dogs—you can't convey to them any impression of moral grandeur. It is all fine clothes with them and genteelly appearance; the virtues hidden beneath a shabby costume are unknown to them. Frosty, here, would wag her tail and welcome the biggest swindler that ever brought on sham companies; but she would be suspicious of the honest workman, and she would snup at the calves of the most deserving beggars. Sarah, you must really cease that habit of your of indiscriminate adoring—fancy the impostors you must be encouraging."

His sister opened her eyes in mild protest. "Why, it was only yesterday you gave that old Frenchman half a crown."

"Well," said he, uncomfortably, "well—you see I thought—that—that even if he was shamming, he looked such an unfortunate poor devil—but that is only a single case. There is a systematic outrage on your part, Sarah, of the common principles of prudence."

"You do it far more than I do," she said, with a quiet laugh; and so she went her way, only she had got no information as to how Mr. Fawcett resembled a political Shelley.

BY WILLIAM BLAKE.

ful in the world than himself. He had a sort of profession—that is to say, he occasionally wrote articles for one of the magazines, and for that learned review. But he was far too capricious and uncertain to intrust with any sustained and continuous work, and, indeed, even, by accident, the soul of the most indulgent of editors. No one could guess what was the subject of a particular book or question which might not take at a moment's notice. Of course, if it had not been for the fatal 6000*l.* a year, he might have been a writer in harness, and accomplished some extraordinary work. Even if he had not been so extraneous tastes, something that way might have been done for the little household lived very economically (except as regards charity and the continual giving of presents to friends), his chief and important expense being the cost of a long, happy holiday in the autumn. There was jealousy, as I have said, in Drummond's nature over the success of more practical men; no grudging, no detraction, no spite. The fire of his life burned too keenly and joyously to have any smoke about it.

"Mind you," he would say—always to his consistent audience of one—"it is a serious thing for a man to endeavor to become famous. He cannot tell until he tries—and tries for years—whether there is any thing in him; and, then, look at the awful risk of failure and life-long disappointment. You see, when once you enter the race for fame or for great riches, you can't very well give in. You're bound in honor not to give in. The presence of rivals all round you—and what is stronger still, the envious casting of the disappointed people, and the lecturing you got from the feeble Jabberwocks of criticism—all the kind of thing must, I should fancy, drive a man on in spite of himself. But don't you think it is wiser for people who are not thrust into the race by some unusual consciousness of power to avoid it altogether, and live a quieter and more peaceable life?"

Sarah did think so; she was always sure that her brother was right, even when he flatly contradicted himself, and he generally did that half a dozen times in the day.

"Well, Miss Violet," he said to the young lady who had suddenly presented herself before him, "I hear you have rather distinguished yourself to-day."

"Yes," she said with an embarrassed laugh, "I believe I have done it this time."

"And what do you mean to do now?"

"I don't know."

"And don't care, perhaps?"

"Not much."

He shrugged his shoulders. But at this moment his sister came through the small drawing-room into the veranda; and there was far more concern visible on her face. Mr. Drummond seemed to have but a speculative interest in this curious human phenomenon, but his sister had a vivid affection for the girl who had befriended her daughter at school, and become her sworn ally and champion. Both of them, it is true, were considerably attracted toward Miss North. To him there was something singularly fascinating in her fine, unconscious enjoyment of the mere fact of living, in her audacious frankness, and even in her shrewd, clear notions about things that had got into her school-girl brain. In many respects this girl was more of a woman of the world than her gentle, retiring and timid adviser, Mrs. Warren. As for Mrs. Warren, she had almost grown to love this bold, frank, sincere, plain-spoken companion of her daughter; but she derived no amusement, as her brother did, from the girl's wild ways and love of fun, which occasionally made her rather anxious. To her it was not always a

THE LAST BLOSSOM OF SUMMER.

On the romantic shore of Lake Lucerne,
Beneath my window are some garden
walks.
Where now the autumn frosts the foliage
burn,
And hardy dahlias blacken on their
stalks;
But many-leaved and fresh and fragrant,
blows
One solitary flower—a perfect rose.
This, full of crimson life as if it had
No thought of death, I've watched, day
after day,
While deep in slumbers the Rigi-Kulm was
glad,
And deep the snows in cliffs of Pilate
lay—
Grim mount above the clouds whose
sharp drawn peaks
Wave long pressed the storm—and now
it breaks,
Like ships at sea, St. Gothard's summit
steeps
And toward Tell's Chapel all the storied
scene
Is dashed with slanted streaks of misty
rain;
There's not a spot of color or of sheen
In the dull landscape save the lonely
Rose.
Leader thesby, and gray the snows!
With all of blue and all fragrance life,
Love's fragile banner to the gale un-
furl,
Bloom bravely on! Yes, live thy little
life,
O Rose! I would not pluck thee for the
world.
Twere sentimental folly that would shed
Thy sentient leaves to strew my sodden
bed.
"I am the type of the true poet's thought;
I am the type of the true lover's heart!"
These words, in melody of perfumes
brought
Like notes of music did the flower im-
part.
"In gray-haired age my youth is fresh; I
bloom
Up to the face and blackness of the tomb.
"Thou in the leaf and in my petals I,
Are shadows; but a soul is thine and
mine.
I am a Vision, and a Prophecy
And that which makes the poet's
thought divine,
And love a sublimed revelation,
Is far more real than yon rock-ribbed hill.
"A few short days, or hours, and I am
gone;
But lingering here, last of a happy race,
Into my bosom all thou lookest on
I gather up—but clothed in summer's
grace.
And I shall hang forever in thy mind,
A mystic Rose, immortally refined.
"Yes, these my perfunctory shall hit
thy sense,
With spiritual power when I am dust.
Perchance the last survivor, hence hence,
Of man shall be a Poet, and his trust
The perfect flower of Mankind, shall re-
sist.
—William Gibson, in Harper's Magazine for
September.

MADCAP VIOLET.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER I.

"YOU DEVIL!"

There was a great silence in the
school-room. A young girl of sixteen
or seventeen, tall and strikingly hand-
some in figure, with abundant masses
of raven-black hair, dark eyes under
arched eyebrows, and proud and well-
cut lips, walked up to the school-mis-
tress's table. There was scarcely any
trace of malice or mischief visible in
the bold carelessness of her face.
The school-mistress looked up from
some accounts she had been studying.
"Well, Miss North?" she said, with
marked surprise.
"I have a question to ask, if you
please, Miss Main," said the handsome
young lady, with great coolness and
deliberation, and all the school was
now listening intently. "I wish to ask
what sort of society we are ex-
pected to meet when we go abroad,
and whether the girls are in the de-
habit of using language which is not
usually applied to ladies in this coun-
try. Half an hour ago, when we were
having our German conversation with
Dr. Siedl, he made use of a very odd
phrase, and I believe it was addressed
to me. He said, 'You devil!' I only
wish to ask, Miss Main, whether we
must be prepared to hear such phrases
in the conversation of foreigners."

The school-mistress's thin, gray, care-
worn face grew red with mortification.
Yet, what could she do? There was
nothing openly rebellious in the de-
meanor of this incorrigible girl; noth-
ing, indeed, but a cool impertinence,
which was outwardly most respectful.
"You may return to your seat, Miss
North," she said, rising. "I will in-
quire into this matter at once."
Miss Main, who was the proprietor
as well as the head-mistress of the
school, was greatly perturbed by this
incident, and she was quite nervous
and excited when she returned to the
room where the German master was
correcting some exercises. When he
saw her enter, he rose at once; he
guessed from her manner what had
happened. The young man in the
shabby clothes was even more excited
than she was; and why? Because, two
years before, he had left his home
in the old-fashioned little fortress of
Neisse, in Silesia, and he had bid good-
bye then to a young girl whom he
hoped to make his wife. England was
a rich country. A few years of ab-
sence would put money in his pocket;
and he would return with a good Eng-
lish pronunciation, which would be of
value. So he came to England; but he
did not find the streets paved with
gold. It was after long waiting that
he got his first appointment; and that
appointment was the German master-
ship at Miss Main's school. At the
present moment he believed he had
forfeited this one chance.

He came forward to her; and she
might have seen that there was some-
thing very like tears in his pale-blue
eyes.
"Yes, she has told you, and it is
quite true," said he, throwing out his
hands. "What can I say? But, if you
will forgive it, I will apologize to her—
I was mad—I do not know how
I said such a thing to a young lady;
but I will apologize to her, Miss
Main."

Miss Main had pulled herself to-
gether by this time.
"Really, Dr. Siedl," said she, in a
sort of despairing way, "I have no
doubt she irritated you beyond en-
durance; and although I am afraid
you must apologize to her, I can afford
to understand how you were maddened
by her. Sometimes I do think she is
a devil—that she has no human soul
in her. She thinks of nothing but
mischief from morning till night; and
the worst of it is, that she leads the
whole school into mischief; for all the
girls appear to be fascinated by her,
and will do anything she asks. I
don't understand it. You know how
often I have threatened her with ex-

pulsion: she does not mind. Some-
times I think I must really get rid of
her; for it is almost impossible to pre-
serve the discipline of the school while
she is in it."

The German master was so over-
joyed to find his position secured,
and his offense practically condoned,
that he grew generous.
"And she is so clever," said he.
"Clever?" repeated the school-mis-
tress. During the whole of my
twenty-five years' experience in
schools, I have never seen a scholar to
equal her. There is nothing she can
not do when she takes it into her head
to do it. You saw how she ran up
her marks in French and German last
term—merely because she had a spite
against Miss Wolf, and was deter-
mined she should not have the two
prizes that she expected. And that is
another part of the mischief she does.
Whenever she takes a special liking to
a girl, she does her exercises for her
in the evening. It costs her no trouble;
and then she has them ready to go
with her in every frolic. I am sure I
don't know what to do with her."

The school-mistress sighed.
"Yes, she is," she added, with a frank
honesty, "it is naturally a great thing
for a school like mine to have the
daughter of Sir Acton North in it. Every
body has heard of him; then the
girls go home and tell their moth-
ers that a daughter of Lady North is
at our school; then the mothers—who
know what some people are—talk of
that to their friends, and speak of
Lady North as if they had known her
all their lives. I do not know Lady
North myself, but I am sure she is a
wise woman not to have this girl in
the same house with her."
After a few words more, Miss Main
went back to the school-room; and we
must do likewise, to narrate all that
befell in her absence. First of all, it
was the invidious duty of a small,
fair-haired, gentle-eyed girl, called
Amy Warren, to take a slate and
write down on it the names of any of
her companions who spoke while Miss
Main was out of the room, failing to
do which she was deprived of her
marks for the day. Now, on this occa-
sion, a pretty considerable tumult
arose, and the little girl, looking fright-
ened, and pretty nearly ready to cry,
did not know what to do.

"Yes, you mean, spiteful little
thing," cried a big, fat, rosy girl,
called Georgina Wolf, "put down all
our names! I've a good mind to
box your ears!"
She menaced the little girl, but only
for a brief second. With a rapid
"Have you, really?" another young
lady—the tallest in the school—ap-
peared on the scene; and Miss Wolf
received a ringing slap on the side of
her head, which made her jump back,
exclaiming, "The school was awe-struck.
Never had such a thing occurred be-
fore. But presently one girl laughed,
then another; then there was a gen-
eral titter over Miss Wolf's alarm and
disfigurement; during which the tall
young lady called out,
"Amy Warren, put us all down,
and me at the head; for we are going
to have a little amusement. Young
ladies shall I deliver a lecture to you
on Old Calabar and our sewing-class?"
Young ladies, shall we have a little
music?"

She had suddenly assumed the prim
demeanor of Miss Main. With great
gravity she walked over to the door,
locked it, and put the key in her
pocket. Then she went to her own
desk, smuggled something into a light
shawl, and proceeded to the mistress's
table, behind which she took her stand.
"Young ladies," she said, pretend-
ing to look at them through an imagi-
nary pair of eyeglasses, "you are aware
that it is the shocking practice of the
little boys and girls in many districts
of Africa to go about without clothes;
and you are aware of the Camberwell
Society for helping the missionaries to
take out a few garments to these poor
little things who are so dear to me. It
is a useful thing for a seminary like mine
to gain a reputation for being charita-
ble; and if we manage among our-
selves to send from month to month
parcels of beautifully sewed garments,
every one must get to know how well
I teach you, my dears, to handle your
needle. But then, my dears, you must
not all expect to join in this good work.
You all get the credit of being charita-
ble, but some of you are so smart
with your needle as others; and so
I think it better to have the sewing
of these garments entrusted to one or
two of you, who ought to feel proud
of the distinction. Do you understand
me, my dears? Now some of you, I
have no doubt, would like to see what
sort of young people wear the beau-
tiful dresses which your pocket-money
and your industry send out to Africa.
I have here the little pink frock which
you, Miss Morrison, finished yester-
day; and if you will grant me a mo-
ment's patience—"

She took the pink frock from the
table, and for a second or two stooped
down behind the table-cover. When
she rose, it appeared that she had
smuggled a large black doll into the
room, and now the black and curly
head of the doll surmounted the pink
cotton garment with its white frills.
There was a yell of laughter. She
stuck the doll on the edge of the table;
she put a writing-desk behind it to
support it, she hit it on the side of
the head when it did not sit straight.
An indescribable tumult followed: all
possible consequences were cast aside.

"Now, my dears, what hymn shall
we sing to entertain the little stran-
ger? Shall it be 'Away down South
in Dixie?'"
The school had gone mad. With
one accord the girls began to shout
the familiar air to any sort of words,
led by the tall young lady behind the
table, who flourished a ruler in place
of a baton. She did not know the
words herself; she simply led the cho-
rus with any sort of phrases.

"Oh! it's Dixie's land that I was born in,
Early in the mornin'!"
In the land! In the land!
In the land! In the land!
"A little more spirit, my dears! A
little louder, if you please!"
"Oh! I wish I was in Dixie."

In Dixie's land to take my stand,
And live and die in Dixie's land.
Oh! oh!
Away down South in Dixie!"

"That's better. Now *pianissimo*—the
sadness of thinking about Dixie—
understand?"
They sang it softly; and she pre-
tended to wipe the eyes of the negro
doll in the pink dress.

"Now, *fortissimo*!" she cried, flour-
ishing her baton. "Going, going, for
the last time. Take the word from
me, my dears!"
"Oh! I wish I was in Dixie."

In Dixie's land to take my stand,
And live and die in Dixie's land.
Oh! oh!
Away down South in Dixie!"

But the singing of this verse had
been accompanied by certain strange
noises.
"Open the door, Miss North, or I
will break it open!" called the mis-
tress from without, in awful tones.
"My dears, resume your tasks—
instantly!" said Miss Violet North;
and with that she snatched the doll out
of her private desk. Then she
walked to the door alone.

The hubbub had instantly subsided.
All eyes were bent upon the books be-
fore them; but all ears were listening
for the dreadful interview between
Violet North and the school-mistress.
The tall young girl, having made
quite sure that her companions were
quiet and orderly, opened the door.
The mistress marched in in a terrible
rage—in such a rage that she could
hardly speak.

"Miss North," she cried, "what is
the meaning of this disgraceful up-
roar?"
"Up, Miss Main!" said she, with
innocent wonder. "The young ladies
are very quiet."

"What is the meaning of your hav-
ing bolted this door? How dare you
bolt the door?"
"Yes, I thought there was some-
thing the matter with the lock," she
answered, scanning the door critically.
"But you ought not to be vexed by
that. And now I will bid you good-
morning."

Thus she saved herself from being
expelled. She coolly walked into an
adjacent room, put on her hat, took
her small umbrella, and went out. As
it was a pleasant morning, she thought
she would go for a walk.

CHAPTER II.

CARPE DIEM.

This girl was as straight as a dart;
and she knew how to suit her costume
to her fine figure, her bright and clear
complexion, and her magnificent black
hair. She wore a tight-fitting, tight-
sleeved dress of gray homespun, and a
gray hat with a scarlet feather—this
bold dash of red being the only bit of
pronounced color about her. There
was no self-conscious trickery of orna-
ment visible on her costume; indeed,
there was no self-consciousness of any
sort about the girl. She had a thor-
oughly pagan delight in the present
moment. The past was nothing to her;
she had no fear of the future; life
was enjoyable enough from hour to
hour, and she enjoyed it accordingly.
She never passed to think how hand-
some she was, for she was tolerably
indifferent as to what other people
thought of her. She was well satisfied
with herself, and well satisfied with
the world, especially when there was
fun going about; her fine
health gave her fine spirits; her bold,
careless, self-satisfied nature took no
heed of criticism or reproach, and caused
her to laugh at the ordinary troubles
of girl-life; not even the great fear
that she had practically run away
from school was sufficient to upset her
superb equanimity.

Necessity reigns. There was nothing
of the gawky and shambling school-
girl in her free, frank step, and her
erect and graceful carriage. When
she met either man or woman, she
looked him or her straight in the face;
then probably turned her eyes away
indifferently to regard the flight of a
rook, or the first blush of rose-color on
a red hawthorn. For, on leaving
school, Miss North found herself in
the higher reaches of Camberwell
Grove, and in this richly wooded dis-
trict the glad new life of the spring
was visible in the crisp, uncurled
leaves of the chestnuts, and in the soft
green of the magnolia clime, and in the
white and purple of the lilacs in the
gardens of the quaint, old-fashioned
houses. Never had any spring come
to us so quickly as that one. All Eng-
land had lain black and gold under the
grip of a hard and tenacious winter;
even the end of March found us with
frozen east winds, and ice roads, and
less trees. Then all of a sudden came
the wet, gray skies parted at times to give
us a brilliant glimpse of blue. The
work of transformation was magical
in its swiftness. Far away in secret
places the subtle fire of the earth up-
sprung in pale primroses in sweet vio-
lets, and in the glossy and golden cel-
andine that presaged the coming of
butterflies out to the meadows. The
almond-trees, even in suburban gar-
dens, shone out with a sudden glow of
pink and purple. The lilac bushes
opened their green leaves to the warm
rays. The chestnuts unclasped their
reins buds. And then, with a great
splendor of blue sky and warm sun-
light, the beautiful, mild, welcome
spring came fully upon us; and all the
world was filled with the laden bloss-
oms of fruit-trees, and the blowing of
sweet winds, and the singing of thrushes
and blackbirds. To be abroad on such
a morning was better than sitting over
an Italian exercise in Miss Main's
school-room.

"What sort of tree is that?" Miss
Violet North asked of a little boy. A
particular tree had struck her fancy.
"That's a hawthorn," said the boy, sul-
kily.
"Then why don't you know, you
little donkey?" she said, indiffer-
ently, passing on.

She crossed Groye Lane, and went
along the summit of Champion Hill,
under the shade of a magnificent row
of chestnuts. Could leaves be greener,
could the sun be sweeter, could the
fair spring sunshine be more bril-
liant in the remotest of English val-
leys? Here were country-looking
houses, with sloping gardens, and little
fancy farms attached; here were bits
of woodland, the remains of the pri-
meval forest, allowed to grow up into
a sort of wilderness; here were rocks

flying about their nests, and thrushes
busy on the warm green lawns, and
blackbirds whirring from one laurel
to another. She walked along to the
end of this thoroughfare until she
came to a lane which led abruptly
down hill, facing the south. Far away
Dulwich; and beyond the trees, and
looking pale and spectral in the glare
of the heat, rose the towers of the
Crystal Palace. That was enough. She
had nothing particular to do. Walk-
ing was a delight to her on such a
morning. Without any specific re-
solve, she indolently set out for the
Crystal Palace.

There was indolence in her purpose,
but none in her gait. She walked
smartly enough down the steep and
semi-private thoroughfare which is
called Green Lane; she crossed the
pleasant meadows by the narrow path-
way; she got out upon the Dulwich
Road, and so continued her way to
the Palace. But she was not to reach
the goal of her journey without an
adventure.

She was just passing the gate-way
leading up to a large house, when a
negro page, very tall, very black, and
wearing a bottle-green livery, with
scarlet cuffs and collar, came out of
the garden into the road, followed by
a little terrier. The appearance of
this lanky black boy amused her; and
so, as a friendly mark of recognition,
she drew her umbrella across the
ground in front of the terrier just as
she was passing, and said, "Pst!" But
this overture was instantly rejected by
the terrier, which turned upon her
with voluble barking, barking
coming nearer and nearer, and threat-
ening to spring upon her. For a sec-
ond she retreated in dismay; then, as
she saw that the negro boy was more
frightened than herself, she became
wildly angry.

"Why don't you take your dog
away!" she cried, "you—your stick of
black sealing-wax!"
In this moment of dire distress help
came to her from an unexpected quar-
ter. A young gentleman quickly
crossed the road, approached the irate
terrier from the rear, and gave the ani-
mal a sharp cut with his walking-
stick. The rapidity of this flank move-
ment took the terrier by surprise; with
a yelp, more of alarm and astonish-
ment than of pain, it fled into the gar-
den, and was seen no more.

Violet North looked up; and now
her face was consciously red, for she
had been indignantly caught in a
fringe.
"I am sorry you should have been
alarmed," said the young man; and he
had a pleasant voice.
"Yes, the nasty little brute!" said
she; and then, recollecting that the
stranger should be addressed, she said, "I
thank you very much for driving the
dog away; it was very kind of you."
"Oh, it was nothing," said he; "I
am very glad I happened to be by."
He lifted his hat, said "Good-morn-
ing," and passed on in front of her.
She looked after him. Had she ever
seen so handsome, so beautiful a young
man? Never!

Just at the present moment several
of our English artists were very fond
of painting a peculiar type of femi-
nity—a woman with a low and
broad forehead, large, indolent, sleepy
blue eyes, thin cheeks, short upper lip,
full under lip, somewhat square jaw,
and magnificent hair. It is a beau-
tiful head enough—languid, unintel-
lectual, semi-sensuous, but beautiful.
Now this young man was as near as
possible a masculine version of that
indolent, beautiful, mystic-eyed wo-
man, whose face one meets in dusky
corners of drawing rooms, or in the
full glare of exhibitions. He was no
mere rosy youth, flabby-cheeked and
curly-haired, such as a school-girl
might try to paint in crude water-
colors. His appearance was striking;
his manner was peculiarly special,
characteristic about his features; and,
moreover, he had not cropped his hair
as our modern youths are wont to do—
the short wavy locks of light brown
nearly reached his shirt-collar. For
the rest he was sparely built, perhaps
about five feet eight, square-should-
ered, light and active in figure. Was
there any harm in a school-girl ad-
dressing herself to him as a very good-
looking young man?

Walking about the Crystal Palace
by one's self is not the most exciting
of amusements. The place was very
familiar to Miss North; and she had
lost interest in the copper-colored abo-
riginals, and in the wonderful pillar of
gold. But she had one little bit of
enjoyment. She caught sight of a
small boy, when nobody was looking,
was trying to "job" one of the
cockatoos which were so common
about the place; and when nobody was
looking, she took occasion to get behind
this little boy, and then she gave him
a gentle push, which was just sufficient
to let the cockatoo, making a down-
ward dip at his enemy's head, pull out
a goodly tuft of hair. There was a
frightful squeal of alarm from the
boy; but in a second she was round in
some occult historical chamber, study-
ing with becoming gravity the lessons
taught us by the tombs of kings.

Then she became very hungry, and
she thought she would go and have
some luncheon. When she entered
the dining-room she was a little shy—
not much; but she was speedily at-
tended by a friendly old waiter, who
quite put her at ease. When he asked
her what she would take, she was on
the point of answering, "I'll have
your please," as she would have done
at school; but she suddenly bethought
herself that, being in a restaurant, she
might have something better, and so
she asked for the bill of fare, scanned
it, and finally ordered an oyster *pate*
and a couple of lamb cutlets, with
green peas and tomatoes.

"And what will you take to drink,
miss?" said the old waiter.
"Some water, thank you," she said;
but directly afterwards she added,
"Will you mind bringing me a glass
of sherry, if you please."
So the waiter departed; and she
turned to glance at her surroundings.
The first thing she noticed, much to
her surprise and mortification, was
that she had inadvertently sat down
at the table at which the young man
was having lunch to whom she had

spoken in the morning. She was an-
noyed. What must he think of a
young lady who went wandering about
the country by herself, and coolly
walked into restaurants to order cut-
lets and sherry? It was rather a strange
circumstance that Miss North should
be troubled by this conjecture; for she
rarely, if ever, paid the least attention
to what people might think of her; but
on this occasion she began to wish she
might have some opportunity of ex-
plaining her conduct.

The opportunity occurred. That
friendly old waiter had apparently for-
gotten the order; anyhow, the girl sat
there patiently, and nothing was
brought to her. She wished to attract
the attention of the waiter, and made
one or two attempts, but failed. Seeing
the plight she was in, the young
gentleman on the other side of the
table made bold to address her, and
said,

"Beg your pardon, but I fear they
are not attending to you. Will you
allow me to speak to one of the waiters?"
"I wish you would," she said, blush-
ing a little.

The young man walked off and got
hold of the manager, to whom he made
his complaint. Then he came back;
and Miss North was more anxious than
ever to justify herself in his eyes. The
notion was becoming quite desperate
that he might go away thinking she
knew so little of propriety as to be in
the habit of frequenting restaurants
all by herself.

"I am very much obliged to you—
agreed," said she, with something of an
embarrassed smile. "I believe they
meant to punish me for going away
from school."
"From school?" said he, doubtfully;
and he drew his chair a little nearer.
"Yes," said she, resolved at any cost
to put herself right in his opinion. "I
ought to have been at school. I—
I walked away—and one gets hungry,
you know. I thought it was better
to come in here."

"Oh yes, certainly," said he; "why
not?"

"I have always been left a good deal
to myself," said this anxious young
lady, leading up to her *grand coup*.
"My father is always away looking
after railways, and I dislike my step-
mother, so that I am never at home.
Of course, you have heard of my fa-
ther's name—Sir Acton North?"

Now she was satisfied. He would
know she was not some silly mid-
servant out for a holiday. She uttered
the words clearly, so that there should
be no mistake, and perhaps a trifle
proudly; then she waited for him to
withdraw his chair again, and resume
his luncheon. But he did nothing of
the sort.

"Oh yes," said he, with a respectful
earnestness, "every one has heard of
Sir Acton North. I am very pleased
to know that you are his daughter;
that—that I have been of any little
service to you. I dare say, now, you
have heard of my father, too—George
Miller?"

"No, I have not," she said, seriously,
as though her ignorance of that dis-
tinguished name were a grave blot on
her bringing up.
"Well, you know," said the ad-
some young man, meekly, "he is pretty
well known as a merchant, but better
known as a Protestant. He takes the
chairs at meetings, and gives big sub-
scriptions, and all that kind of thing.
I believe the Pope can't sleep in his
bed on nights on account of him."
"I think I have heard of him,"
said Miss North, conscious that she
ought to know something of so impor-
tant a person.

At this point she was distinctly of
opinion that the conversation should
cease. Young ladies are not supposed
to talk to young gentlemen to whom
they have not been introduced, even
although they may have heard of each
other's parents as being distinguished
people. But George Miller the younger
seemed a pleasant young man, who
had a frank smile, and an obvious lack
of stiffness and circumspection in his
nature. They had brought her the
oyster *pate*; now came the cutlets.
"That was the mistake you made,"
said he, venturing to smile. "When
you are in a hurry you should not
order out-of-the-way things, or they are
sure to keep you waiting."

"I never came into a restaurant by
myself before," she said, with some
asperity. Would this foolish young
man persist in the notion that she
habitually ordered luncheon in such
a fashion?

"What school was it you left, may I
ask?" said he, with a friendly interest
in his eyes.
"Oh," she answered, with a return
to her ordinary careless manner, "Miss
Main's Seminary, in Camberwell
Grove. I knew she was going to ex-
pel me, and as I had a little pocket-
money when she was out of the room—a
little too much noise, in fact—and though
she has often threatened to expel me,
I saw by her face she meant mischief
this time. So I left. What a pleas-
ant morning it was for a walk!"

"Yes," said he, looking rather puz-
zled; "but—but—what are you going
to do now?"
"Now? Oh, I don't know! There
will be plenty of time for me to settle
where I am going when I get back to
town."

"Are you going back to London all
by yourself?"
"I came here by myself; why not?"

"Well," said he, with some real an-
xiety, "it is rather an unusual thing for
a young lady to be going about like
that. I think you ought to—to go
home."
"My father is in Yorkshire; I would
rather not go to see my step-mother.
We should have rather a warm even-
ing of it, I imagine," she added, frankly.
"Where, then—?"

"Oh, I know where to go," she said,
indifferently. "There is a little girl
at the school I am very fond of, and
she is very fond of me; and she and
her mother live with my uncle in
Camberwell Grove, not far from the
school. They will take me in, I know;
they are very kind people."
By this time she had finished her
luncheon—the young man had neg-
lected his altogether—and she asked
the waiter for her bill. She certainly
had plenty of money in her purse. She
gave the old gentleman, who had sys-
tematically not attended to her, a
shilling for himself.

"Would you allow me to see you

into a carriage," timidly suggested Mr.
George Miller, "if you are going up
by rail?"

"Oh no!" she said, with a sweet
smile. "I can take care of myself."

"Then," said he, "Miss North, I am
afraid I can not claim you as an
acquaintance—because—because our
meeting has been rather—rather in-
formal, as it were; but would you al-
low me, supposing I were introduced
to your father—?"

"Oh, I should like you to know my
father well enough," said she, honest-
ly. "That was not what I meant ex-
actly," said he. "I meant that if I
got to know your father, that would
be a sort of equivalent—don't you
think?"—to a formal introduction to
you."

The girl very nearly burst out laugh-
ing.
"I think we are pretty well intro-
duced already," said she, "by means
of a terrier-dog and a stupid waiter.
Thank you very much for your kind-
ness. Good-afternoon!"

She was going away with her ordi-
nary erect carriage and careless bear-
ing, when she suddenly put out her
hand to shake hands with her. She
had risen by this time. Well, she
could not be guilty of the discourtesy
of a refusal; and so she allowed him
to shake hands with her.

"I hope this is not the last time we
shall meet," said he, with an earnest-
ness which rather surprised her, and
which she did not fail to remember
when she got into a quiet corner
of a railway carriage. "I'd really
wish to see her again. Was there a
chance of their meeting? What would
properly conducted people say of her
adventures of that morning?"

She did not care much. She got
out at Denmark Hill Station, and
placidly walked up to the house of Mr.
James Drummond, which was situated
near the top of Camberwell Grove.

CHAPTER III.

A SUBURBAN PHILOSOPHER.

This house was rather like a cov-
ertage—a long, low, rambling place,
with a veranda all round, ivy trained
up the pillars, French windows, small
peaked gables, some few trees and
bushes in front, and a good garden
behind. Miss North did not wait for
an answer to her summons. She be-
lieved herself that she would be sure
to find Mr. Drummond, or his widowed
sister, Mrs. Warren, or his niece,
Amy Warren, in the garden; and so
she made her way round the house by
a side path. Here, indeed, she found
Mr. Drummond. He was seated in the
veranda, in a big reading-chair; one
leg was crossed over the other; he was
smoking a long clay pipe; but instead
of improving his mind by reading, he
was simply idling and dreaming—look-
ing out on the bushes and the blow-
ing out of the garden, over which a dusky
red sky was now beginning to burn.

He jumped up from his seat when
he saw her, and rather unwisely began
to laugh. He was a tall, thin, some-
what ungainly man, with curiously
irregular features, the expression of
which seldom remained the same for
a couple of seconds together. Yet
there was something attractive about
this strange face—about its keen, in-
tellectual intelligence, and its mobile
tendency to laugh; and there was no
doubt about the fine character of the
eyes—full, clear, quick to apprehend,
and yet soft and winning. Violet
North had a great liking and regard
for this friend of hers; but sometimes
she stood a little in awe of him. She
could not altogether follow his quick,
playful humor; she was always sus-
pecting sarcasm behind his drolleries;
it was clear to her that, whatever was
being talked about, he saw far more
than she or any body else saw, for he
would suddenly burst into prodigious
roar of merriment over some point or
other wholly invisible to her or to his
sister. The man, indeed, had all the
childish fun of a man of genius; and
a man of genius he undoubtedly was,
though he had never done anything to

The Large Advance

Which has taken place in Raw Material

WOOL, COTTON AND SILK!

Will naturally make all goods manufactured of these materials MUCH HIGHER THIS FALL than they have been.

Messrs.

Root & Company

Having invested largely before any advance took place, will continue to sell their entire stock of

WOOLEN GOODS!

COTTON GOODS!

SILK GOODS!

Until Sept. 1st at OLD PRICES.

Special Bargains

In all Departments the next 30 days, to clear out SUMMER GOODS.

GRENADINES! All marked
ORGANDINES! Down in
SUMMER SILKS! Price to Close
PARASOLS! Out Before
SUN UMBRELLAS! Sept. 1st.
LADIES' SUITS!
CHILDREN'S SUITS!

OUR CARPET

DEPARTMENT

Is replenished daily with new and choice Patterns of

BODY BRUSSELS!

TAPESTRY CARPETS!

CHINESE INGRAINS!

HALL & STAIR CARPETS!

CURTAIN GOODS!

OIL CLOTHS!

MATTINGS!

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

Which we will sell UNTIL SEPT. 1st at the same LOW PRICES of the past season. Notwithstanding the fact that there has been a large advance in the cost of the goods.

Root & Company

46 and 48 Calhoun Street.

L. O. HULL,

HOUSE AND SIGN

PAINTING,

Graining, Glazing, Kalsomining, Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging, Etc.

Estimates for Work Furnished on Application

89 CALHOUN STREET.

myzmdm

In order to make room

for Fall Goods,

LOUIS WOLF

Entire Stock

—OF—

SUMMER

SILKS

At the Following Prices:

Ny 60 and 65c Silks down to 50c per y'd.
Ny 75c Silks down to 60c per yard.
Ny 80c Silks down to 65c per yard.
Ny 85c Silks down to 70c per yard.
Ny 90c Silks down to 75c per yard.

Also what I have left in

Lawn,

Organdies,

Grenidines

And all kinds of

Summer Goods

For less than cost. These are rare bargains and is the best chance to get a suit dress cheap. These goods will be sold at these prices for cash only, at

Louis Wolf's,

No. 7 Keystone Block,

Calhoun Street,

FORT WAYNE, IND.

SEVERAL SOAKS

Paid Their Respects to His Honor This Morning.

The Usual Sights and Scenes at Police Court.

John Bennigan was the first victim to step out at the marshal's call this morning. John was arrested for creating a noise and disturbance on the street. He stated that he was called into a saloon on Harrison street and asked to take a drink, which he did. Then the man who treated discovered that he was busted, financially speaking, and wanted John to pay the same. John was also a wreck, and then the other fellow wanted to put a head on John. The mayor said it was a sad state of affairs, and he would lay the amount at \$3.

Martin Lowmyer just waited for the street car to come along and in the meantime fell asleep on the court house steps. It wasn't whiskey, which made him drunk, but a clear case of loss of sleep. The mayor shipped him out.

John Tierman was the last representative of the "construction train." "It was the fever nager, which I had sur, and it was a way bit to queen a I tuk sur, and ov course I got a little sleepy sur, which it was the ager, yer honor, which I had sur." "Let's see you're the third fellow off that train that got caught on the ague business. Your ague catches you for \$1 and costs." "Daniel Kinkle has been engineering around the city for several days. What he wanted was a job at the Olympic. He didn't get that, but he got drunk and the mayor gave him a job on the stone pile until the season opens.

John Holtzworth was up for an assault and battery on Michael Sorg at Draker's livery stable. The story was a little mixed. It included Mr. Sorg, a dog, a boy, some sugar, and a neck yoke. Holtzworth kicked the boy, the boy dropped the sugar, the dog bit Holtzworth, and Holtzworth hit Sorg with a neck yoke. Holtzworth insisted that it was the dog's fault, but the mayor couldn't see it that way and taxed Holtzworth \$5 and costs.

Albert Riching was arrested for jumping on and off the cars at the south depot, and accordingly was gathered in by Deputy Pen. Albert is a bright little fellow and told a very straightforward and truthful story, and, with a reprimand, was discharged.

BREVITIES.

John Hamilton is lying very low.

A very large market this morning.

Fred. Graff has returned to Wabash.

Mrs. J. B. Fry left for Kankakee, Ill., to-day.

Tom Meegan has returned from his eastern trip.

J. W. Batch returned to Toledo this morning.

The market collections this morning amounted to \$9.

J. H. Jacobi, of Philadelphia is at the Mayor House.

A number of the councilmen drew their salary to-day.

The funeral of John Greer's child takes place to-morrow.

Mrs. Mary Sturgis, of Spy Run avenue, is seriously ill.

A. C. Greenbaum has gone to Chicago, to visit his child.

Frank Cosgrove went to Mayaville to-day on important business.

Charley Falls will go on an excursion to the cemetery to-morrow.

An interesting case will be presented to the grand jury on Monday.

There are forty applicants for license at the teachers' examination to-day.

Tim Leighton, of Warsaw, was in the city yesterday, en route to Cincinnati.

Mike Conners, of the engine house, took an involuntary bath in the canal last evening.

Mrs. Johnson, of Lafayette, whose accident at that place was reported yesterday has since died.

James Lillie is in luck; he got the Illinois insane asylum contract and a new boy all in the same day.

Bowser's school house, in Perry township, was completed to-day. It is one of the finest in the county.

There is said to be a house on Maumee avenue near Glasgow, which is a popular resort for prostitutes.

Perry Lukens has severed his connection with the Gazette and is now in the employ of Page, Taylor & Co.

The Berger family and the inimitable Sol Smith Russell will appear at the Academy next Monday evening.

A lot of feathers, rugs, etc., were stolen by some boys, yesterday, in the west end. The officers are searching for them to-day.

In the case of the State vs. Adolph Cary for provoking Francis Carey, Justice Ryan assessed a fine of 60 cents this morning.

Willis Maier was exhibiting a \$1,000 note in the clerk's office this morning. The police force was detailed to escort him to the bank to deposit it.

Elwood Esty and Miss Nettie Kirkland, late of Foster Brothers, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony on Thursday evening.

It was William Bohon and not William Bowen who was fined at Ryan's court yesterday. This correction is made in justice to the latter gentleman.

Young Reardon, who fell from a train at Wild Cat station several days since and fractured his skull, died from the effects of his injuries Friday morning.

By agreement between Prosecuting Attorney Mench and Henry Colerick the Overly Swain trial has been postponed until after the fair, and will probably come up the first week in October.

The Vincent de Paul Society goes to Rome City on Monday.

Mrs. Cal. Cowgill, nee Mamie Harmon, is visiting her parents.

James Andrews, of the Pittsburgh boiler shop, is taking in New York.

Wm. L. Moellering, of the east end drug store, left this morning for Detroit.

Irving Pierce has gone to Neodesha, Kas., where he will engage in the drug business.

John Hibbler, the old man so badly injured yesterday, is reported quite comfortable to-day.

Hon. Jesse L. Williams returned last night from New York City. Now the question that naturally agitates the public mind is, shall it be steam or water power?

The sale of privilege at the coming fair took place this afternoon at the fair grounds. A full report has not been received, but the privileges were all sold at a good figure.

Capt. d'Isay this afternoon effected a sale of the Wheeler property at the northeast corner of Rockhill and West Wayne streets, to Thomas Hanna for \$5,000, cash.

Abram Petersberg, an employe at the paper mill, had his hand caught in one of the grinding machines, to-day, and had two fingers badly lacerated, making amputation necessary.

Patent right shapers are again infesting the county. John Friedline, of Monroe township, is the last victim. He gave a note for \$5, which in the hand of the holders grew into a \$500 note. Several other suckers are reported.

A farmer's team, on Harrison street, undertook to run away this afternoon. Their aspirations were suddenly checked by a man catching hold of one of the bridles and running the horses in between a telephone pole and a bill board. No material damage done.

Ann Toukey last evening filed an affidavit against Mrs. Hoolihan for provocation. The case was set for this morning, but while en route to the office the prosecuting witness inhibited too much bug juice, got drunk; and had to be taken home; hence the case was dismissed.

The horses Nimrod and Forrester were shipped to Lafayette last night, where they are entered for next week's races. The latter is a 7-year-old stallion, and belongs to Wm. Polk, of Madison township. He has no record, but is considered good for 2:40. He is entered for the Delphi, Fort Wayne and Huntington races.

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The funeral of the late T. K. Brackenridge took place this afternoon at 1:30, under the auspices of the Home lodge of Free Masons. A large number of the fraternity turned out, who with the friends of the deceased followed the body to its final resting place in Lindenwood. Rev. Retts, of the Berry Street M. E. Church, conducted the services.

This morning at about 4:30 the azure vault of heaven was rent by a discord of diabolical screeches from the whistles of at least twenty locomotives, and almost at the same time an alarm was sent in from box 34, to which the department responded with neatness and despatch and found the residence of J. D. Murphy, 25 Taylor street, in flames. The fire was soon subdued. The building was valued at about \$600 and insured for \$600. The loss by fire and water is probably \$75. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

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8,30,1

SELECT SCHOOL.

Important Notice.

Miss Alice Hill takes this method of informing the people of Fort Wayne that she will, about October 1st, open a Select School and Kindergarten for the instruction of a limited number of pupils. Parents interested in such a school, can learn full particulars by applying to—

MISS ALICE HILL, No. 84 Water Street.

8,30

Card from H. W. Bond.

Having a large stock of desirable goods on hand, I have made further reductions to close them out.

While the goods on hand are desirable and needed, they are not so frequently called for as some other articles, and in order to sell them I have, as above stated, reduced the prices far below cost, and to further facilitate their sale have added a few staple goods which I will sell at a trifling advance over cost, merely to pay part of the expense of closing out the stock.

With these additions and with the goods on hand, at reduced prices, the ladies can procure greater bargains than ever before known in this city. Examine the goods and be convinced.

8,29

H. W. BOND, Novelty Store, Corner Berry and Calhoun.

8,30,1

The "Pelican," Genuine Key West Five Cent Cigar.

P. J. TORNEY & Co., sole agents.

8,3,1

Don't Forget That

the Broadway News Depot and Book Store has moved across the street, where a full line of school books will be kept constantly on hand, and sold on the very best terms.

8,30,3

Lots of amusement in store for those who participate in the Arion excursion to-morrow.

The "Pelican" will suit you. A genuine Key West cigar for five cents. P. J. TORNEY & Co. sell them. 8,30,1

There will be a grand picnic at the apple orchard to-morrow. Music will be furnished by the Summit City Band.

"Eljah on Mount Carmel."

We clip from exchanges what the press says of Jonathan Haskell's lecture to be delivered to-morrow night at the Academy of Music:

"The opera house was crowded to overflowing last night to listen to the thrillingly dramatic lecture of Haskell the evangelist. For two hours this earnest and eloquent speaker held the vast auditory. It certainly was a grand effort!"—South Bend Herald.

"Brother Haskell's lecture on the Prophet Eljah, at the Academy of Music last night gave great satisfaction to the vast congregation. He is to be invited to redeliver it!"—Stam City Journal.

"The theme, 'Eljah, the Silver Haired Prophet,' the man the Circus Preacher, both called out a large crowd last night. Haskell did himself great credit, fairly electrifying his hearers, as he is capable of doing."—Indianapolis Times.

Mr. Haskell delivers the same lecture to-morrow night at the Academy of Music here. There will be a crowd. Go and hear for yourselves. Commences at 7:30.

8,30,1

Coal Stoves.

H. J. Ash has got his coal stoves set up and ready for sale. His prices are very low for first-class stoves. Give him a call.

8,30,1

Turtle Soup

At Gus Strodel's to-night. Bring your sisters and your cousins and your aunts and try it. Shuller & Gerke's celebrated beer on draught, just as you like it.

8,30,1

The Arion excursion to Zollinger's Grove takes place to-morrow. Extra train from south depot at 1 p. m.

Discriminating druggists use the New Medical Compound in their own families for Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Nervousness, Liver and Kidney Complaints. 95 doses only \$1.00. Try it and you will be cured. Sold by all druggists.

8,30,1

The "Pride of Fort Wayne," a most delightful perfume, at P. J. TORNEY & Co.'s, corner Main and Calhoun streets.

8,30,1

School Books at Stockbridge's. 8,30,2

The Large Advance

Which has taken place in Raw Material

WOOL, COTTON AND SILK!

Will naturally make all goods manufactured of these materials MUCH CHEAPER THAN THEY HAVE BEEN.

Messrs.

Root & Company

Having invested largely before any advance took place, will continue to sell their entire stock at

WOOLEN GOODS!

COTTON GOODS!

SILK GOODS!

Until Sept. 1st at OLD PRICES.

Special Bargains

In all Departments the next 30 days, to clear out SUMMER GOODS.

GRENADES! All marked
ORGANDIES! Down in
SUMMER SILKS! Price to Close
LAWNS! Out Before
PARASOLS! Sept. 1st.
SUN UMBRELLAS!
LADIES' SUITS!
CHILDREN'S SUITS!

OUR CARPET DEPARTMENT

Is replenished daily with new and choice Patterns of

BODY BRUSSELS!
TAPESTRY CARPETS!
CHOICE INGRAINS!
HALL & STAIR CARPETS!
CURTAIN CARPETS!
OIL CLOTHS!
MATTINGS!

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

Which we will sell UNTIL SEPT. 1st at the same LOW PRICES of the past season. Notwithstanding the fact that there has been a large advance in the cost of the goods.

Root & Company

46 and 48 Calhoun Street.

L. O. HULL, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING,

Graining, Glazing, Kalsomining, Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging, &c.

Estimates for Work Furnished on Application

89 CALHOUN STREET.

In order to make room for Fall Goods,

LOUIS WOLF

Entire Stock

SUMMER SILKS

At the Following Prices:

My 60 and 65c Silks down to 50c per yd.
My 75c Silks down to 60c per yard.
My 80c Silks down to 65c per yard.
My 85c Silks down to 70c per yard.
My 90c Silks down to 75c per yard.

Also what I have left in

Lawn,

Organdies,

Grenidines

And all kinds of

Summer Goods

For less than cost. These are rare bargains and in the best chance to get a suit of dress cheap. These goods will be sold at these prices for cash only, at

Louis Wolf's,

No. 7 Keystone Block,

Calhoun Street,

FORT WAYNE, IND.

SEVERAL SOAKS

Paid Their Respects to His Honor This Morning.

The Usual Sights and Scenes at Police Court.

John Bennigen was the first victim to step out at the marshal's call this morning. John was arrested for creating a noise and disturbance on the street. He stated that he was called into a saloon on Harrison street and asked to take a drink, which he did. Then the man who treated discovered that he was busted, financially speaking, and wanted John to pay the same. John was also a wreck, and then the other fellow wanted to put a head on John. The mayor said it was a sad state of affairs, and he would lay the amount at \$3.

Martin Lowry just waited for the street car to come along and in the meantime fell asleep on the court house steps. It wasn't whiskey, which made him drunk, but a clear case of loss of sleep. The mayor shipped him out.

John Tiernan was the last representative of the Muncie "construction train." "It was the fever nager, which I had sur, and it was a way bit 'o queenin' I tuk sur, and ov coorse I got a little sleepy sur, which it was the ager, yer honor, which I had sur."

"Let's see you're the third fellow off that train that got caught on the ague business. Your ague catches you for \$1 and costs."

Daniel Kinkle has been engineering around the city for several days. What he wanted was a job at the Olympic. He didn't get that, but he got drunk and the mayor gave him a job on the stone pile until the season opens.

John Holtzworth was up for an assault and battery on Michael Sorg at Draker's livery stable. The story was a little mixed. It included Mr. Sorg, a dog, a boy, some sugar, and a neck yoke. Holtzworth kicked the boy, the boy dropped the sugar, the dog bit Holtzworth, and Holtzworth bit Sorg with a neck yoke. Holtzworth insisted that it was the dog's fault, but the mayor couldn't see it that way and taxed Holtzworth \$5 and costs.

Albert Riching was arrested for jumping on and off the cars at the south depot, and accordingly was gathered in by Deputy Ben. Albert is a bright little fellow and told a very straightforward and truthful story, and, with a reprimand, was discharged.

BREVITIES.

John Hamilton is lying very low. A very large market this morning. Fred. Grabe has returned to Wabash.

Mrs. J. B. Fry left for Kankakee, Ill., to-day.

Tom Meegan has returned from his eastern trip.

J. W. Batch returned to Toledo this morning.

The market collections this morning amounted to \$9.

J. H. Jacob, of Philadelphia is at the Mayer House.

A number of the councilmen drew their salary to-day.

The funeral of John Greer's child takes place to-morrow.

Mrs. Mary Sturgis, of Spy Run avenue, is seriously ill.

A. C. Greenbaum has gone to Chicago, to visit his child.

Frank Cosgrove went to Maysville to-day on important business.

Charley Falle will go on an excursion to the cemetery to-morrow.

An interesting case will be presented to the grand jury on Monday.

There are forty applicants for license at the teachers' examination to-day.

Tim Leighton, of Warsaw, was in the city yesterday, en route to Cincinnati.

Mike Connors, of the engine house, took an involuntary bath in the canal last evening.

Mrs. Johnson, of Lafayette, whose accident at that place was reported yesterday has since died.

James Lillie is in luck; he got the Illinois insane asylum contract and a new boy all in the same day.

Bower's school house, in Perry township, was completed to-day. It is one of the finest in the county.

There is said to be a house on Maumee avenue near Glasgow, which is a popular resort for prostitutes.

Perry Lukens has severed his connection with the Gazette and is now in the employ of Page, Taylor & Co.

The Berger family and the inimitable Sol Smith Russell will appear at the Academy next Monday evening.

A lot of feathers, rags, etc., were stolen by some boys, yesterday, in the west end. The officers are searching for them to-day.

In the case of the State vs. Adolph Cary for provoke on Francis Cary, Justice Ryan assessed a fine of \$50 cents this morning.

Willis Maier was exhibiting a \$1,000 note in the clerk's office this morning. The police force was detailed to escort him to the bank to deposit it.

Elwood Esty and Miss Nettie Kirkland, late of Foster Brothers, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony on Thursday evening.

It was William Bohen and not William Bowen who was fined at Ryan's court yesterday. This correction is made in justice to the latter gentleman.

Young Renard, who fell from a train at Wild Cat station several days since and fractured his skull, died from the effects of his injuries Friday morning.

By agreement between Prosecuting Attorney Hench and Henry Colerick the Overly Swain trial has been postponed until after the fair, and will probably come up the first week in October.

The Vincent de Paul Society goes to Rome City on Monday.

Mrs. Cal. Cowgill, nee Mamie Harmon, is visiting her parents.

James Andrews, of the Pittsburgh boiler shop, is taking in New York.

Wm. L. Moellering, of the east end drug store, left this morning for Detroit.

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Capt. D'Isy this afternoon effected a sale of the Wheeler property at the northeast corner of Rockhill and West Wayne streets, to Thomas Hanna for \$5,000, cash.

Abram Fetenberg, an employe at the paper mill, had his hand caught in one of the grinding machines, to-day, and had two fingers badly lacerated, making amputation necessary.

Patent right sharps are again infesting the county. John Friedline, of Monroe township, is the latest victim. He gave a note for \$5, which in the hand of the holders grew into a \$500 note. Several other suckers are reported.

A farmer's team, on Harrison street, undertook to run away this afternoon. Their aspirations were suddenly checked by a man catching hold one of the bridles and running the horses in between a telephone pole and a bill board. No material damage done.

Anu Toukey last evening filed an affidavit against Mrs. Hoolihan for provoke. The case was set for this morning, but while en route to the office the prosecuting witness imbibed too much bug juice, got drunk, and had to be taken home; hence the case was dismissed.

The horses Nimrod and Forrester were shipped to Lafayette last night, where they are entered for next week's races. The latter is a 7-year-old stallion, and belongs to Wm. Polk, of Madison township. He has no record, but is considered good for 2-40. He is entered for the Delphi, Fort Wayne and Huntington races.

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Hon. Jesse L. Williams returned last night from New York City. Now the question that naturally agitates the public mind is, shall it be steam or water power?

The sale of privilege at the coming fair took place this afternoon at the fair grounds. A full report has not been received, but the privileges were all sold at a good figure.

Capt. D'Isy this afternoon effected a sale of the Wheeler property at the northeast corner of Rockhill and West Wayne streets, to Thomas Hanna for \$5,000, cash.

Abram Fetenberg, an employe at the paper mill, had his hand caught in one of the grinding machines, to-day, and had two fingers badly lacerated, making amputation necessary.

Patent right sharps are again infesting the county. John Friedline, of Monroe township, is the latest victim. He gave a note for \$5, which in the hand of the holders grew into a \$500 note. Several other suckers are reported.

A farmer's team, on Harrison street, undertook to run away this afternoon. Their aspirations were suddenly checked by a man catching hold one of the bridles and running the horses in between a telephone pole and a bill board. No material damage done.

Anu Toukey last evening filed an affidavit against Mrs. Hoolihan for provoke. The case was set for this morning, but while en route to the office the prosecuting witness imbibed too much bug juice, got drunk, and had to be taken home; hence the case was dismissed.

The horses Nimrod and Forrester were shipped to Lafayette last night, where they are entered for next week's races. The latter is a 7-year-old stallion, and belongs to Wm. Polk, of Madison township. He has no record, but is considered good for 2-40. He is entered for the Delphi, Fort Wayne and Huntington races.

The funeral of the late T. K. Brackenridge took place this afternoon at 1:30, under the auspices of the Home lodge of Free Masons. A large number of the fraternity turned out, who with the friends of the deceased followed the body to its final resting place in Lindenwood. Rev. Retts, of the Berry Street M. E. Church, conducted the services.

This morning at about 4:30 the azure vault of heaven was rent by a discord of diabolical screeches from the whistles of at least twenty locomotives, and almost at the same time an alarm was sent in from box 34, to which the department responded with neatness and despatch and found the residence of J. D. Murphy, 25 Taylor street, in flames. The fire was soon subdued. The building was valued at about \$600 and insured for \$500. The loss by fire and water is probably \$75. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Rev. J. Saunders Read, of Indianapolis, will preach at Trinity Church to-morrow.

The Second Presbyterian social last evening at the residence of Mrs. E. T. Stringer was very largely attended, and proved to be an exceedingly pleasant affair.

Prof. S. D. Miller will preach in the Congregational Church to-morrow morning.

There are a great many applicants for the rectorship of Trinity Episcopal Church.

Jonathan Haskell gave one-half of one of his thrilling lectures to an interested audience last night, and will give the other half to-night.

Haskell will put in a full day to-morrow. See his announcement.

The Rev. J. M. Seymour has returned and will preach at Plymouth Church to-morrow.

A telegram from Rev. D. W. Moffat announces that he will not return until next week. The repairs on his church, the First Presbyterian, will not be completed before the 14th of September.

The evangelist, Haskell, commences a series of revival meetings at the Christian Church, on Monday evening next. The meetings will continue all next week. Bible meetings each day at 3 p. m. Everybody invited. No collections.

Mrs. Haskell conducted a prayer meeting and bible reading yesterday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. C. D. Law.

The vestry of Trinity Church was to meet yesterday afternoon, but there was no quorum.

The Universalist Church to-morrow. Rev. M. Croley will be in his place. Preaching in the morning on the subject, "True Religion," in the evening, "The Way to Heaven."

Quarterly meeting will be held in the U. B. church at Maysville to-morrow.

Jonathan Haskell's meetings to-morrow: At the jail, at 9 o'clock a. m., sharp. Mass Jubilee Temperance Meeting at 3:30 p.